

## THE DEATH OF THE FAIRY TALE

We were sitting at the bar. She was a wonderful looking woman and we were having a nice time. I had just begun to tell her the fashionable version of Snow White and about how cruel it was of the princess to go off with somebody who looked like every other Sears mannequin and leave the seven men who adored her, when my companion said,

"Well, at least the prince could probably get her off."

"Get her off? Get Snow White off?"

"Think about it. She's got needs of her own. Besides the fact that a dwarf is probably hung like a dwarf, how much fun could it be with Sneezy?"

"Well, he was just one of ...."

"Sleepy, okay? Very sexy, right in the middle of it waking this guy up who barely comes to your tits, anyway."

"Gee, but ...."

"And Bashful? In five years if you're lucky and then with his head in a bag."

"Dopey, then. At least Dopey is tractable."

"If he's that dumb, he'd probably stick it in her ear."

And Grumpy is out of the question. He's probably got prostatitis. My husband had it and was he ever grumpy."

"Happy'd be fun, don't you think?"

"Laughing all the time? Very flattering."

"Then Doc. Surely a physician ...."

"With his little rubber glove and stirrups? Forget it."

She got her things together. "Let's go, okay? I want to have a couple of orgasms before Johnny."

"Johnny?"

"Carson. You coming?"

"Just barely."